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SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1916

Sympathy and insight, these are the things we need to gain in as full measure as possible. Otherwise the frail craft of our existence will be in constant danger of being swamped.
H. Addington Bruce.

Legislative Reform

We are glad to observe the rising sentiment in favor of the proposed constitutional amendment for the reformation of our legislative system, to bring it up to date and encourage capable and responsible men and women to become candidates for the legislature. It cannot fail to enlist the support of all thoughtful voters who may be induced to give it attention. It will encounter the opposition of only those who prefer chaos in our public affairs, who desire that the people, so far as possible, may be kept in ignorance of the character of candidates. It is only by the maintenance of such a system that politicians can control our legislatures through their tools.

The amendment contains many excellent features. All its features are excellent. But one of them alone ought to assure its overwhelming adoption. It is the proposition to choose representatives in the house by districts instead of by whole counties. Thus, in the more populous counties, where the districts would be small, candidates for nomination and election would depend upon the votes of their neighbors who know them. We could then be reasonably sure that the house would be made up of good members, elected not because they belong to a certain political party but because they have been chosen by an informed electorate.

We have observed that school trustees are usually the best men and women in the district that can be induced to take that thankless and unremunerative office. All the voters in the district support them or oppose them for personal, and not for party reasons. So party lines would be cast aside in legislative districts where candidates would be elected for what they are, for what they stand and not for their parties.

We have noticed in the course of a long and familiar acquaintance with Arizona legislatures, that the average of members who come from the small, that is, the less populous counties, is higher than that of the members from the larger, more populous counties. The small county man is usually more intelligent, more honest and more responsible. That is because more care has been taken by his electorate in his selection. He is known throughout his small, sparsely populated county. We have in mind, of course some exceptions to this rule, but the rule stands out more conspicuously by reason of such exceptions.

Not only would the district plan make certain an intelligent selection of representatives but it would invite a higher class of men and women to become candidates for the legislature. They would not hesitate to go before their neighbors whom they know and who know them. An incapable man, though he might seek office in a district, would be rejected, while under the county system he would be carried through on the party ticket.

We have in mind one member of the house whose candidacy in his home town was regarded as a joke. Though he was overwhelmingly defeated there by the votes of democrats and republicans, he was elected by the rest of the county where he was not known.

Another feature of the amendment which commends itself is the apportionment plan, the number of members from each county depending upon the vote for governor at the last preceding election. We have at present a rigid constitutional apportionment by which some counties now are unfairly, and others inadequately represented in the house.

Altogether the amendment is deserving of the support of all who want an improvement of government, of those who have cried out against the evils of our present antiquated system of log-rolling, extravagance, partisan or factional politics, and, frequently, corruption.

The Nodding Censor

The overworked British censor necessarily nods now and then. He must have nodded heavily on Friday when he permitted a statement of the burning of bridges by the British troops on the Balkan front. It is true that as it is described, it was a courageous feat, one to have been accomplished only by brave men. The bridges were burned under Bulgarian fire.

There was no accompanying explanation of the burning bridges. Perhaps the censor deleted that, but the bare fact of the burning of the bridges carries with it an explanation. Bridges in actual practice are never burned behind an advancing army, though we think there is at least one mythical account of such an exhibition of strategy when the victorious commander ordered the bridges burned in order that his troops might know that their safety lay only in a complete victory. He rendered retreat impossible.

But the burning of the bridges on the Balkan front meant only that the British troops at that particular point did not want any closer association with the Bulgarians than they then had. The bridges were burned in the course of a retreat, a retrograde movement which before these suppositions were invented, was called a retreat.

In the same batch of news was a Petrograd dispatch describing what had been called in Petrograd a "crushing blow" administered to one wing of the Turkish army in Armenia. But what were the Turks doing in Armenia whence, it was recently announced with a great flourish from Petrograd, not long ago, they had been expelled?

These slips of the censor strengthen our suspicion from time to time that the war news that comes over the British cable does not tell the whole truth and that much of it is not truth at all.

We trust that the new \$250,000,000 British loan which American bankers have underwritten will be quickly subscribed in order that the horror of war news with which we are now being surfeited may be abated. So long as this loan is unsubscribed, the British, French, Russian and Italian official reports will slaughter German, Austrian and Turkish troops by millions. We would advise forehanded Germans in this country who still entertain a love of the Fatherland and kindred to subscribe hurriedly and heavily to the loan, to the end that normal conditions in the entente allies' war news service may be quickly restored.

The Epistle of Henry to the Phenicians

The mails yesterday morning were laden with a mimeographed letter from United States Senator Ashurst to his constituents in Phoenix. The letter is a voluminous one, equal to five single-spaced typewritten pages. Even in that great volume what has been accomplished by Mr. Ashurst is only briefly told. We read it with amazement and admiration, and our first impression was that we have more United States senators than we need. Why should this government maintain 96 senators at \$7000 a year each, at the cost of their mileage, the pay of their secretaries and other contingent expenses, when we have Mr. Ashurst doing all the work himself? The other 95 are supernumeraries, leeches on the public treasury.

We learn from Mr. Ashurst's letter that he not only executed the senate program, or so much of it as was worth executing, but in odd moments he lent a helping hand to his colleague, Senator Smith, and Representative Hayden in their various puerile efforts to be doing something.

We find, however, that a part of the work of Mr. Ashurst was ex post facto; that is to say, it was done before he became a senator, according to the record. For instance, we gather from the third paragraph of his letter that soon after entering the senate he found the bill establishing the parcels post law which never should have been made and under which a ton of barley was shipped from Mesa to Snowflake at a great loss to the government, but at a great profit to the shipper who was the purchaser of the barley, the merchant to whom it was consigned, and the star route carrier who received more for hauling his own barley from Williams to Snowflake than he had paid the government for postage.

Another ex post facto achievement of Mr. Ashurst was his vote for the creation of an industrial commission which law went into effect on August 22, 1912, five months before Mr. Ashurst was elected to the senate. But the democratic national campaign committee has included these long past performances in the list of achievements of the democratic administration; so, there is no reason why Mr. Ashurst may not claim a share of the glory of republican legislation.

There is one item which, if we had been Mr. Ashurst, we would have omitted: "I led the fight in behalf of the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis to be associate justice of the supreme court of the United States." We do not mean that Mr. Ashurst was engaged in an unworthy work, but that he was unworthily engaged in it. He attracted a great deal of attention to himself by his denunciation in interviews and in a speech in the senate, of the action of democratic colleagues in opposing the nomination of Mr. Brandeis in committee. It transpired that he spoke on hearsay information, that the acts described by him had not occurred; that he had not attended the meetings of the committee but had heard only street gossip. He brought upon himself such fierce senatorial rebuke as had never before been administered by a senator to a colleague of his own party.

We would not detract from the real record of Mr. Ashurst in the senate. He has participated in much excellent legislation and has taken an active part in it. We are merely making a friendly correction of his record.

There is just one week more for registration before the primaries. The number registered is now about 6,000 short of the total registration two years ago. We suspect that the greater part of this discrepancy may be accounted for in the ranks of republican voters, who feel little interest in the primaries but intend to register later. We would urge them to get in now and make a showing. It will have a good effect at the general election.

Congress is being importuned now to place upon more than 100,000,000 people the burden of squaring at a cost to them of \$100,000,000 a year, the dispute between the railways and their 400,000 employees. If the people are thus plundered the democratic campaign committee may make that act an addendum to the already printed achievements of the democratic administration.

We see our friend Josephus Daniels is after all immersed in the main campaign. That jolly old sea dog is threatening to raise his voice in song against the opposition.

The summer vacationists are homeward flying. They have missed a generally delightful Salt River Valley August.

There will be a whole lot of democrats roaming about over the county today, breaking the Sabbath.

THWARTED AMBITION

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier; but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesome aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."—Tit-Bits.

NOW QUALIFIED

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."—Brooklyn Citizen.

STILL

Tradesman (who has been at the telephone for a quarter of an hour, to his apprentice): "Here, William, take the receiver, as long as my wife is talking to me. You don't need to make any reply; only when she asks, 'Are you still there, James?' say, 'Yes, Amelia, dear.'"—Liverpool Globe.

HUGHES TAKES ROLE OF MINER FOR HOUR



Hughes operating an air drill 2,800 feet underground.

The travels of a presidential candidate include all sorts of stops, and the appearance of Hughes as a miner for a short time is but another illustration of the various roles to be assumed on a trip of this kind. Judge Hughes when he passed through Butte, Montana, visited the Leonard copper mine, donned minner togs and operated an air drill for a short time.

LITTLE JAMES

(A Political Campaign in Which Party Enthusiasm Has Boiled Over.)
The Atmosphere has got all Heated up in Phoenix and the Surrounding Country by the Democrats which is belching up Hot Truths about each other like a Volcano in a State of Eruption. They ain't been so much stuff Throde out from the Interior since Vesuvius had its last Spazzum as they has been in an' around Phoenix in the Last Week. On the Intermission which has been given out Public by Democrat Orators and Nootsappers, the County Attorney if he was doing his Duty, would issue warrants for the Arrest of the Hole Party an' Keep 'em in jail till after the Leckshun an' then send 'em to Florence. But if he does that the Regler Convix which has been Reformed to be turned Loose so's as they won't get Contaminated none by the Democrat Politytishuns.

They is a Ole Sayin' 'at when the gods wants to put th' Finle Kibosh on a feller they gits him Good an' Hot. They ain't nobody 'at was ever madder'n th' Democrats around here is, talkin' th'ir Heds Off about wun another.

Wun Democrat he sez to anther after th' Meetin' at Glendale th' other Nite: "They was some things sed here Tonite 'at I'm afereed won't be ferget till after th' Leckshun's over." He noticed 'at they was a Good many Republicans settin' around Lissenin' to what they called Heer an' they went away with their Ears Full. We give 'em plenty of Argymence why Nobody to Vote for a Democrat Candidate fer Guvner next November no matter which way th' Cat Hops at th' Primmery.

It looks like we Committed ourselfs tonite to Democrat Defeat an' have Offered Proof 'at it aint safe to Vote for No Democrat fer Guvner.

"That's so," sez th' Others, "we have went to fur tonite. Ordinary these here Democrat Rows is only Family Disturbances which aint nobody's bizness but ourn, jist like a Househole Scrag, like a man Enfurin' Discipline by Lickin' his Wife an' Nookin' his Children around. But when he goes so fur as to make Corpuses of his Wife an' Children he's carryin' Family Displeasure to Extreems an' th' Outside Orthories is Warranted in takin' Part.

This here has been more'n a Democrat Misunderstandin'; more'n a Sincere seekin' by Democrats after Life; more'n a Earnest Attempt to Convince wun another that they's Rong. When you Call a feller a Lyre or a Theef or a Fool, he aint liable to Regard youn Langwidige as Friendly Admonishun. He's agoin' to Lay fer you with a Club or some other Blunt Instrument when you Aint Lookin'." We ain't heard th' last of his here meetin' yit an' wont hear it till th' Votes is Counted next November. They's only wun thing 'at 'll Help us now an' that is fer th' Freedom of Willan to come out here an' Keep th' Peace.

LITTLE JAMES.

Where the People May Have Hearing

The Inglorious Dead
To the Editor of The Republican:

From Iowa's state prison in Fort Madison comes this heart-breaking and heart-breaking description of a drunkard's death inside prison walls:

"Shunned by the living and separated from the resting place of the honored dead, this spot is certainly the saddest, loneliest spot in all this region. Yes, here, if anywhere else, the dead are equal. No proud monuments or saintly epitaphs are seen, but plain white stones with lettering suggestive of the markings of plain lives: A name, which perhaps the sleeper's father never heard, a number telling all the dishonor and below, the duration and end of an earthly pilgrimage—nothing more."

"Here no cannon boom, no flags wave, no throng of fellow-citizens come to pay their annual tribute, but forest trees unfurl the flag of all nations, a solitary bird trill in the distance and a cricket chirping in the grass relieves the awful quiet; the sun, ever rising on the evil and the good, pours a flood of glory over the dreary spot. No tolling bell, no eulogy or chant or plumed hearse is needed at these funerals, no mother's tears are dropped into these graves."

"In far-away fields and gardens, where some who lie here spent a happy childhood, the flowers they loved have bloomed and withered many years, but not a petal has been wadded to this lonely abode. One here is faithful to the last. Dear old Mother Nature re-

ceives her sinful children and hides them in her bosom until, at the command of her God and theirs, she must deliver them up.

"In the stillness of the night the yearning heart of many a mother goes abroad in search of her boy, who has forgotten to write home. Through the city and forest, over prairie and ocean it roams, but never does that heart pause at the prison burning ground. Here lies a mere child laid in low dishonor, and here one in the very pride of strength and maturity. Here—can it be possible—lies one but 21, 20, 19 years of age. Boys, mere boys."

"Where were their fathers, mothers, teachers, preachers and the humane societies when the whirlpool caught their careless young feet? Stand against! Is not this a phantom record? Here is a youth just beginning to tamper with sin. How will he fight? Will it be a lost battle, this conflict with powers of darkness? Single-handed and alone the boy is fighting, sometimes bravely. There are passions and environments which will hold him with a stronger grip than any handcuffs that may come later."

"Those people whose flag waves so proudly over their own dead are in league against him. Do they not deliver his soul and body to the rum fiend which has powers to kill and cast him into a drunkard's grave or perhaps is the cause of putting him behind the bars? Here he may gain a silent victory and be placed in a windowless palace to rest. God only knows."

Who can conceive how much it means for human happiness when prohibition in a state reduces the prison population more than three-fourths, as is the well-known ordinary in such states.

LOUIS ALBERT BARKS.

Against "Twilight Sleep"

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 15.—Johns Hopkins Hospital has practically set its stamp of disapproval on the Dammerschlag or "twilight sleep" method for use in child-birth. It abandoned its experiments in use of the method more than nine months ago and the conclusion reached is that the method is too dangerous, and that it is a menace to the life of a new child and too grave to warrant its use except under the most favorable circumstances.

After more than a year's use of the "twilight sleep" drug scalpel, obstetricians found it could be safely used only under exceptional conditions. The question of proper dosage proved so intricate that absolutely no chances can be taken.

The early results obtained were such that in subsequent cases it was necessary to have two highly-experienced men always at the bedside of the expectant mother as well as several nurses.—Special Telegram to Toronto Globe.

HEIMAN PARTY IN BIG FORD GO-FEST

You have heard about some great trips made in a Ford, haven't you? Well, if you had seen L. E. Heiman and party starting out from Phoenix early in August, and had known the itinerary planned, you would have bet dollars against doughnuts that Glendale would probably be their final destination or rather terminal. Mr. and Mrs. Heiman, their two children, Miss

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35 North Central **Hyder's** STORE DE LUXE 35 North Central PHOENIX, ARIZ. Some Snaps in Straw Hats

Mildred Ritchie of Philadelphia, and George Bruggert, formed the party, and a big rack on either side of the car, a big box in the rear, containing beds, tents and complete camp equipment; gave them a total of over 2,900 pounds. Starting out with springs flattened out and extra pressure to hold the tires up, the little Ford took the whole party to the Grand Canyon, over to Holbrook, down to Springerville, back to Flagstaff and then home to Phoenix, a distance of over 1,200 miles without a murmur. And listen, the going trip was made via the new Black Canyon road to Prescott, and the return via Long Valley, the Mogollon Rim, Pine, Payson and Roosevelt, so if anyone thinks they had smooth sailing, just take a run around that route. Heiman, and prove the mileage, which has been who is boss bookkeeper at the Valley of a tough quality.

THE VALLEY BANK PHOENIX, ARIZONA

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Prudent people do not take the chances of loss from either fire or burglars. They put their valuables in our Fire and Burglar Proof Vault. You can rent a Safe Deposit Box here for \$3.00 and up per year.

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How to Cultivate Thrift

First learn to distinguish between luxuries and necessities. You do not need all you think you need, and certainly not all you buy. You want things because you see them—that is what shop windows are for. Second, learn to know good value. Learn where and when and how to buy. Learn to know good meat from bad, nourishing from the worthless. Learn to judge clothing and shoes, and buy good material. It pays in the end. Third, keep track of your expenses. Know how much it costs you to live, and how much you spend on various items of the household. Limit your "pleasure money" and choose wholesome pleasures. If you like the theater, learn where to see the good plays at reasonable prices, and go consistently. You must realize, early or late, that if you have one thing worth while you may have to do without other things not worth while. You must learn that sacrifice means satisfaction. Deny yourself little things to get the big. Save on cigars and drinks and ride in a car. Save on the car and own a home.

TWICE TWO IS FOUR

Saving money is like swimming; you just save, that's all. There is no patent way. YOU CAN ONLY DO IT BY SPENDING LESS THAN YOU EARN. Twice two makes four, and every little bit added to what you have makes just a little bit more, and once you get the saving habit, you necessarily find a good bank, open account and keep it up—that's all. IT'S NOT HOW HARD YOU WORK THAT GETS YOU AHEAD, IT'S HOW HARD YOU SAVE.

Thrift will bring you success, save you from worry, make you a better husband, father and citizen, a better asset to the state, a benefactor to your country, and most of all, a profitable and indispensable employee to the business in which you are engaged and from which you make your living. Your job is to make a good living and make a good living long, and thrift will teach you how.

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